



Flaming snowdrops



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Chapter 1 by Lizzie

Where a man's boots would have made deep marks in the snowy ground, a foxes paws were light enough to make brief indents. Eyes glowed in the face of darkness. It was night and the bulbs of the street lamps made the heavily clouded sky glow a faint shade of pumpkin.

Children were mostly indoors, apart from the few teenagers which seemed to be more awake during the night than they were at day. Pubs were humming with lethargic activity, a sort of musty warmth emitted from their windows like they were some sort of glassy fireplaces. A few adults were milling about, chatting a little louder than usual due to the echo of the stone streets and the alcohol that they had consumed- tramps watched them with wilting eyelids.

A body was being dragged, unconscious, out of the town to one of the surrounding fields and into a forest which seemed to have become a little more scary due to the lack of daylight. The sack which contained the body was thrown onto a pile of logs and newspaper and fumbling hands ripped at the matches that set it alight. A weak scent, sickeningly similar to cooking pork, passed unnoticed through the town.

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